

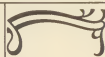
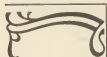
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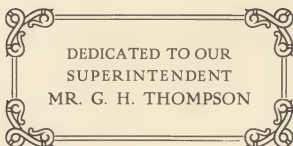
PUBLISHED BY THE
CLASS OF 1908
HOBART TOWNSHIP
HIGH SCHOOL
HOBART, INDIANA



VOLUME I



HOBART TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL.



DEDICATED TO OUR
SUPERINTENDENT
MR. G. H. THOMPSON



OFFICERS AND FACULTY

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Alvin Wild, Township Trustee | 2. G. H. Thompson, Superintendent, English |
| 3. Chas. H. Barts, Principal H. S., Science and History | 4. Miss Helen M. Quinell, Mathematics and Botany |
| 5. Mrs. D. Richardson Lyeth, Supervisor of Music | 6. Miss Bessey K. Gish, Latin and German |

Forsan et haec olim meminisse invabit

Class of 1908



Class Colors

VIOLET AND LAVENDER



Class Motto

FIT VIA VI—ENERGY WINS THE WAY



Class Flower

VIOLETS



Class Officers

WILLIAM MARQUART, PRESIDENT

MISS GLADYS MACKEY, SECRETARY

MISS EDNA CARPENTER, TREASURER



GRADUATES

- | | | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Florence Banks | 2. Viola Wall | 3. Alice Struebing | 4. Hazel Lewis | 5. Martha Heck |
| 6. Julia Fleck | 7. Nettie Kraft | 8. Edna Carpenter | 9. Thomas Michelsen | 10. Julia Peterson |
| 11. Lillian Rossow | 12. Gladys Mackey | 13. Gertrude Sweeting | | |

A is for Alice, alpha or first,
She loves her history and enjoys mirth.

E is for Edna, a charming girl,
Who has traveled almost 'round the world.

F is for Flora, a player great,
There are few better in Hoosier State.

G is for Gertrude, a singer she,
Soon somebody's bride will be.

H is for Hazel, editor-in-chief,
She is ever kind, wholesome and sweet.

J is for Julia, in our class there are two,
Both are good looking, which choice will you?

L is for Lillie, "a flower," you say,
No, a fine girl with a kindly way.

M is for Martha, a fine old name,
We love her for her laugh just the same.

N is for Nettie, a girl of heart,
Always ready to help do her part.

P is for poet, that means me,
Sometimes spelt Gladys, do you see?

R is for Ralph, an actor to be,
He will make Mantell want to skidee.

T is for Thomas who'll go to Purdue,
Study engineering and ride a mule.

V is for Viola, her mother's pride,
A good student and maybe bride.

W is for William, alias Bill,
He's expected to invent a mill.

PRELUDE

Aurora, messenger of coming day,
Go forth to brighten life along thy way,
Dispelling darksome gloom and dreaded fear.
Wherever thy enlightening rays appear
May joy and peace in rich abundance dwell:—
Then shall we say of thee, "Thou dost well."
With mirth to cheer and gladden every heart,
With truth for modest wisdom's thoughtful part,
With colors bright and face forever gay,
Go, herald forth the light of coming day.

A - U - R - O - R - A

THE STAFF

MISS HAZEL LEWIS
MISS EDNA CARPENTER
MISS GLADYS MACKAY
MISS GERTRUDE SWEETING . . .
WILLIAM MARQUARDT
MISS HAZEL LEWIS
MISS EDNA CARPENTER
THOMAS MICHELSEN

Editor in Chief
Assistant Editor
Literary Editor
Music Editor
Athletic Editor
Social Editor
Art Editor
Business Manager

CLASS HISTORY

LILLIAN ROSSOW.

HISTORY, to be history, must be a truthful record of past events. When we glance over its pages we find that it took strong noble characters to build it. Frequently, it is thought of as a written account of the events of a nation, but it is broader than this. This history, instead of being the history of a nation, taken collectively, is the history of a strong, united class, whose members are anticipating entering all vocations of life. In future years, as we look back upon the history of the Hobart Township High School, we will see our names upon that record, ours, the class of 1908, in the history as a loyal honorable class. And it is no wonder. Look at the lives of the great that now surround me with expectant faces.

Four years ago we entered this High School as a class of twenty-four. Had you seen us at that time and now you would certainly not recognize in us the students who seemed so far from modern ideas. But we were no different from other Freshmen. We were green, but we were not evergreens. One year of experience prepared us for future events. When we entered the Sophomore class it was with a different spirit. During this year we were known as the "Snippy Sophies." Whether we deserved the title or not, who can tell, but surely we did not feel as though it was a disgrace. As Sophies we numbered thirteen. Thirteen, such an unlucky number! However, to our great sorrow, before the close of the term one of our members left us.

So we began our Junior year numbering just twelve. This was one of the most happy and eventful years of our educational career. Up to this time we had been sneered at by other classes, but here we demanded our rights. Some member of the class of '07, that class which considered themselves so high and mighty, said, "The Juniors know but don't know that they know." They were badly mistaken, for we saw that we now really knew all we thought we knew when we were "Fidgity Freshmen." We began to make some advancement, in Plane Geometry, especially. Chemistry was the delight of all the members and the influence of our instructor will ever be fresh in our memory. It was during this year that we entertained the Seniors. This was by no means an elaborate affair, but it was a success and all reported a social time.

Thus ended the Junior year, and before we were aware of the fact, had gone a step farther. Our fame had spread abroad and wishing to be numbered among those so great, three more had joined our industrious class. Numbering fifteen as Seniors, the second largest class in the history of the school, we toiled willingly through another term, one long to be remembered. We have not at any time been over-burdened with work and by the efforts of our kind and thoughtful instructors we have sailed on successfully. We have not words to express our gratitude for their benevolent instructions. We do not attempt to mount what may become a "bucking stone," which may throw one into distress, but prefer to plod along day by day, earnestly and devotedly. So we spent our Senior year with few important events. One, however, was the Valentine Party given by the faculty. Another was the excellent entertainment furnished us by the Juniors. We thank them, sincerely thank them, for it all.

In our Senior class, we have one member who certainly has ability as an orator, and she carried off honors for us in a commendable way. William Marquardt, our class president, also deserves mention. His ability in experimental work will one day rank him with Edison. Besides these we have athletes, artists, musicians and even poets. To our class is due the credit of being the first in the history of the school to publish an annual. The "Aurora" is an accomplishment of which we may duly feel proud.

Commencement day will soon be over and we will then have begun in earnest. Our happiest days will be things of the past. No more shall we sit in those seats and listen to the voice that bids us to be good. Other scenes and other prospects await us. We must part, but parting shall only draw closer the ties that bind us. The setting sun and the evening star, which have so often witnessed our intimacies and joys, will still remind us of days that are past.

Class of 1908, our happiest hours were spent beneath the folds of thy

banner. Thy name will ever rise in our memories, bringing thoughts of happy days, when care and sorrow had not a place. Soon, too soon, only a moment of these days, with their joys will linger like the fragrance of some sweet flower that pleased us with its perfume. Life's measureless ocean, with its tireless tide, will beat upon our daily lives. But ever let the ceaseless murmur of the sea of our school days lull to rest our tired hearts in the years to come.



CLASS POEM**FIT VIA VI.****LILLIAN ROSSOW, '08.**

The happy days were flying fast,
As through a term of school there passed
A class, who bore, from good advice
A banner with a strange device

Fit via vi.

Their number small, their strength was great
This class of nineteen hundred eight,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of an unknown tongue

Fit via vi.

In other schools they saw the light
Of classes working day and night,
Great victory was theirs at last:
The trials and troubles of school had passed

Fit via vi.

"Try not to pass," the professor said,
"Without hard work and fear and dread,
The thorn strewn way is deep and wide,"
And loud their voices to him replied

Fit via vi.

"O stay," said juniors, "and assist
Our weary brains to learn all this."
Some tears stood in their bright, bright eyes
But yet they answered with loud cries

Fit via vi.

"Beware the teacher's big class book,
Beware his stern and scornful look,"
This was that class' last good-bye
And from them all escaped a sigh

Fit via vi.

There in the glare of the electric light
They sat on their commencement night,
And from the sky serene and far
A voice fell like a falling star

Fit via vi.



THE EPIC of *The* WEST; ITS HERO

GLADYS MACKEY.



THE legend runs that once in a thousand years a literary genius is born. Of this rare type of man the poet stands first, and the greatest poet is the epic writer. The world has produced but six great epics. The blind Homer sang in lofty strain the heroic epic of the Greeks. Virgil echoed in majestic tones the wanderings of the brave Aeneas and the fabled birth of thrice magnificent Rome. Dante portrayed the universal conflict of the human soul. Tasso chronicled the sad yet glorious record of the crusaders. Our Saxon forefathers sang the martial lays of Beowulf, and lastly, the sweet voiced Milton recited the sorrows of fallen man in the sublime words of "Paradise Lost."

These are the great epics of history, but the greatest song remains unsung. There is yet to appear some poet immortal, who shall sing the unparalleled epic of our own beloved America, relating the deeds of our hero, the western pioneer, conqueror of the wilderness, patriot deliverer of the oppressed, inventor, scientist, state builder and captain of industry. In every American heart there should be a feeling of intense admiration for the daring hero who wrought out of this vast wilderness, inhabited by savages, our civilized and highly enlightened nation. Is it not right that a greater epic be written relating his deeds, greater and more wonderful deeds than those of all other heroes who have ever blessed mankind?

Let us follow him as he leads the vanguard of our nation's progress across the continent. When the colonies were in their infancy hordes of immigrants constantly came to this country and ever as they came they pushed farther and farther inland. Little did they realize the vast regions which lay beyond the eastern mountains. It took more than a century for these early settlers to occupy the Atlantic slope, but in the next three quarters of a century they spread from the Alleghenies to where "the Golden Gate lets in the long heaving billows of the Pacific."

At first the progress of the pioneer was slow; life was a constant battle, on every hand he encountered the dreaded red man. The Indians were a poorly governed people, loved cruelty for cruelty's sake, continually broke faith and became more and more enraged as the pioneer settled the country

and converted the forest into homes. Let us not, in mistaken pity for the Indian, condemn the white man, who eventually conquered, as he must.

Again we see our hero as the patriot at Trenton, Valley Forge and Yorktown, fighting for liberty. Later he is at Vicksburg, Gettysburg and Appomattox, determined to preserve the Union. Then, as the inventor, he has brought the forces of nature under the control of man. He has lightened labor and promoted culture. We see his influence as the scientist removing our limitations and enriching our lives. As the state builder we see him signing the Declaration of Independence, shaping our government, proclaiming freedom, maintaining laws of equity and justice. As the cool-headed captain of industry he directs and controls the great business concerns of our country.

As we call to mind our hero's varied and wonderful deeds, adventurous ambition, admirable sturdiness, unselfish spirit, masterful inventions, splendid laws and skillful management of finances and industry: who would not wish his deeds immortalized in epic song?

We have reviewed the strenuous unwritten epic of the West, let us praise without stint its deserving hero. Unlike the victorious Achilles he did not possess divine immunity from mortal wounds, but with his great purpose and strong resolve, fought and conquered savage beast and worse than savage man. Nor, like father Aeneas, did he drift about upon protecting waves to found an empire great though perishable, but he forced his way through a seemingly impenetrable forest, overpowered the fierce red race and planted the germs which have developed into the greatest of all governments not soon to reach its zenith and never to decay. Nor did he fight to gain the possession of a doubtful tomb, as did the chivalrous emsader, but by the most wonderful effort carried into a new land the lasting principle of religious freedom. Heracles killed the hundred headed hydra, which was a symbol of disease, but our hero discovered ways to stamp out the great white plague. Heracles showed some engineering skill in his Augean labor, but our hero has banded the East and West with ribs of steel. He has "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." Beowulf gave up his life that he might slaughter the fire-drake which laid waste the land of his people, our hero has used his energy to bring new life to arid plains.

To-day we are justly proud that the "aggressive spirit of the West reflects the predominant characteristic of our sterling prototype—the spirit of determination in progress." Our hero grasps the situations of life. He causes the forces of nature to obey him. He provides religious freedom. He establishes an ideal government. He is master of all branches of learning. Yes, greater than all epic heroes of the past! "By dint of grim tenacity our hero advanced from eastern mountain to western sea and spurred ever onward by the fierce desires of an eager heart, wrought out in his Titanic struggles, the destinies of a continental nation."

A CHERRY TREE EPISODE

FLORENCE BANKS.

CHAPTER I.—THE MEETING.

Geraldine Pambroke was a jolly little girl of nineteen summers: laughter on her lips, in her eyes, and in her every movement. People called her pretty. Her features were regular and faultless. Her eyes were blue, her cheeks an exquisite pink, and her head covered with a mass of sunny hair. It was not her beauty alone, however, that made her so generally loved. It was more her disposition—bright, mirth loving, tender, and winsome.

She had been reared on a large farm lying just outside the City of Chicago and near a beautiful little lake called Sylva. Her father, though past the most active years of his life, still clung to his farm and superintended the work.

It was early summer. Nature was at her best. The land wore the evidence of God's loving handiwork. Cherries were ripe. Home from college but a few weeks, Geraldine was enjoying the freedom of the farm and the love of life-long friends. The July day had grown to the hour of ten when Geraldine said: "Mother, I believe I will go out to the orchard and pick some cherries and we will have a fine, big, juicy cherry pie for dinner." And she made her way through a garden of flowers to the little fence that divided the garden from the orchard. Springing quickly over the fence she walked about half way across the orchard, stopped beneath a splendid cherry tree and looking up—hushed suddenly the tune she was humming and involuntarily exclaimed. "Oh!" For sitting in the cherry tree was a young man, perhaps two years her senior, feasting on the delicious fruit. Hearing the ejaculation of the girl he looked down, his brown eyes betraying consternation. A cherry pit, that under the excitement of the moment he had unconsciously endeavored to swallow, caught in his throat and he began to cough. This but added to his embarrassment.

It was Geraldine who first recovered herself and she said, "I did not know these were choke cherries."

The laughter in the girl's eyes gave the young man a little reassurance and he replied, "I suppose that if I received my just deserts I would continue to choke. But instead I am rewarded by meeting a most beautiful young lady."

It was Geraldine's turn to be embarrassed, but she quickly answered, "Father has always thought our cherry trees suffer from robins and not from blackbirds."

"Your father must be unreasonable indeed, if he expects robins or blackbirds to stay away from these cherry trees with their delicious fruit and such charming company."

Geraldine was about to laugh at the audacity of this handsome young man but the laughter died on her lips when she heard her father, who had approached unseen, say: "Geraldine, who is this young man who speaks to you with such familiarity and seems to be at home in my orchard?"

Geraldine would gladly have helped the poor fellow in his predicament, but her father, grasping the situation, would not listen to anything further and, when the young man tried to speak, continued, "A gentleman speaks to a lady in such familiar terms as I have heard you address to my daughter only after long acquaintance and a term of closest friendship. A gentleman asks permission to enter an orchard and take fruit and does not assume the privilege. Geraldine, you will accompany me to the house and if I find this young man here when I return it will go hard with him."

CHAPTER II.—THE CAMP.

The young man did not at once depart. He hoped for some opportunity to make an explanation. After waiting in vain for the return of the father he made his way out of the orchard, walked to a nearby cross-road, and boarded an interurban car. Near Sylva lake he left the car and in five minutes had reached the grassy slope on the shore of the lake where in a small grove was pitched a large tent. Over the entrance to this tent was printed in large letters, "The Silent Eight." A more inappropriate name could not have been chosen.

Eight young men of Chicago University were spending a month of their vacation here. They passed the days hunting, fishing, bathing, eating, sleeping, and having a good time generally. It was noon and as Jack McConnel approached he found his companions gathered about a table eating as only hungry boys can eat under such conditions.

"Hello Jack! Where have you been? Look as though you had been stealing a sheep. Where is your panama?" called one of them.

"Gee Whiz! I left my hat on a limb in the orchard and, by jinks, I left more than my hat—I left my heart. Boys, she's a beaut. Joliest eyes and her laugh is the merriest ever. But her dad is a mean old guy. It will be a cold day for me if I get near the premises and he knows it."

"Guess he's daffy. Know what he is talking about, boys?" said one of

the Eight. "Where are the supplies you went after?" he continued. Then began a round of questions from the boys that finally elicited the whole story.

Jack was a great favorite—good looking, daring, big hearted, full of fun. When that morning he stepped from the ear and climbed into the orchard he did not realize the anger his deed might occasion. Perhaps he should have hastened on to the village for supplies without yielding to temptation.

CHAPTER III.—THE COURTSHIP.

How to meet Geraldine became the question with Jack McConnell. He watched her home almost night and day. For three days she did not go to town and he did not see her. On Sunday they will go to church, he thought. So he went to the village, learned her name and also that the family were Methodists.

Sunday morning when their automobile stopped at the church door Jack McConnell was walking up the church steps. He was rewarded by a cold glance from the father and a bright smile from Geraldine. Every day she had been thinking of the stranger in the cherry tree.

The next day he met her on the street in the village. Only a few words passed but the meeting was a delight to them both. Another week slipped away and they met somewhere every day. Geraldine's mother was her confidant. She knew Jack's family by reputation and on inquiry she learned that he was an excellent young man. She suggested to her husband that it would be well to get better acquainted with the young man but he would not listen.

At last Jack could stand it no longer. He forced a meeting with Mr. Pambroke on the village street only to be rebuked with much bitterness. Jack lost his temper and spoke words in return that had he been wiser he would have left unsaid.

Returning to his home Mr. Pambroke told his family of the meeting and the young man's remarks. Geraldine, always loyal to her home and parents, was vexed at Jack and on their meeting passed him without a smile and only a nod. Poor Jack! A more dejected young man could not be found. Geraldine's hours were spent in thoughts of him but loyalty to her father prevailed.

CHAPTER IV.—THE STORM.

It was the Methodist Sunday School picnic and great crowds from the village were present. The boys from the camp of "The Silent Eight" were welcomed by the village girls. After dinner many went boating. Geraldine

accepted an invitation from a young man of the village and they rowed around a bend of the lake leaving poor Jack despondent.

At four o'clock clouds began to gather. The people hastily collected their belongings and hurried home. Mr. and Mrs. Pambroke thought Geraldine had gone to the village with friends, but instead she had left the young man on the village side of the lake because it was necessary for him to return to his home early. Then she had slowly started back to the picnic grounds dreaming of Jack McConnel and did not notice the approaching storm until it burst upon her.

Jack, knowing that Geraldine had not returned, waited and paced the beach. At length he saw a drifting boat come round the point. Someone was clinging to it! Fortunately he was an excellent swimmer. He plunged in, his only thought being to rescue whomsoever it might be. When he discovered it was Geraldine he worked with redoubled energy. The distance was so great that with much difficulty he reached the shore with her. Some friends who lived near took her home. Geraldine's father upon learning the story of the heroic rescue of his daughter sent to the camp for Jack. But Jack was gone. Because of the mental tension and recent physical strain "The Silent Eight" thought it necessary to take him to his home in Chicago.

CHAPTER V.—WHEN CHERRIES ARE SWEETEST.

Three weeks had passed since the first meeting and the cherries were almost gone. Geraldine went out to pick a few last ones. Jack had returned to the camp and was again passing the farm. Seeing Geraldine in the cherry tree the temptation to enter the orchard was greater than ever. He forgot his former experience—forgot everything in his one desire to meet Geraldine. As he approached he called, "Not a blackbird nor a robin in the tree this time but ———" Well what matter what he said? He clasped her in his arms and they poured out their heart's love to each other. Again the father saw them but departed unseen, and when at last they came to the house he gave them his blessing.

MUSIC

GERTRUDE SWEETING.

Shakespeare says:

"He that hath not music in his soul,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."

We of the Hobart Township High School believe as did Shakespeare that he that hath not music in his soul is lacking a part that goes to make up life; we also believe that the better the music the more uplifting and inspiring.

At the beginning of the year the Seniors took up the study of the theory of music and in February we began the study of musical history. Now we feel that we are somewhat acquainted with the great masters in the musical world and can speak intelligently of their works and lives.

During the year we have appeared four times in public recitals. On Friday, December 20th, in the High School room we gave our first musical program of the year. The room was crowded and many had to stand in the hallway which showed that the people of the community appreciated and wished to encourage our efforts to produce good music. We had a chorus of fifty voices and every one who attended pronounced it worth while. Special mention should be made of the rendering of a part of the Messiah which is considered by musicians to be most difficult. Miss Odell and Miss Clara Fleck, both members of the Alumni, assisted in this for which we extend to them our most sincere thanks. The High School gave several other choruses besides vocal and violin solos.

The public, showing that they approved of the work in music in the High School, requested the chorus to sing at the Farmers' Institute on February 23rd. The girls' quartette also, sang at this time and the entire audience applauded.

During the year we have had several musical numbers rendered at the opening of school in the morning. They were specially prepared quartettes,

duets, and solos. The majority of the students considered this a relief from the regular chorus practice and all were sorry when we had reached the end of the list.

Our third appearance before the public was at the local oratorical contest. Among the numbers we sang the two choruses which we afterward gave at Hammond in the Lake County contest. Again we should not forget to mention our girls' quartette who were recalled time after time until they had no more to sing.

Our fourth and last appearance as a high school chorus was at the Lake County oratorical contest held at Hammond on the night of April 10th. Hammond sang first and we felt safe for we knew that our music was of a higher grade. We were fifth to appear on the program and our hopes were high. Whiting sang next and some thought that the laurels lay between Hobart and Whiting. Alas, the judges! Perhaps the result was the more disappointing because of the high markings Hobart had received in previous years. We had steadily advanced until in 1907 we stood second. But each year the standard is higher and we realize that it is less easy to decide to whom the banner should go. It is not advisable for any school to say, "We shall win." At any rate, our choruses were worthy of our efforts—"The Waltz" from *Faust* by Gounod, and the "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's *Messiah*.

The Seniors' final appearance under the name of the Hobart Township High School will be the night of May 29th, when with light yet sad hearts we shall sing our "Class Song" and say farewell to our teachers.

To our pianist, Miss Florence Banks, and assistant pianist, Miss Helen Mackey, we offer a vote of thanks. They never grew tired nor impatient for they knew we were working for a purpose.

Miss Gish, too, has put in many a weary half hour with us when her patience has been tried, but she did the drudge work with us and rejoiced with us in our success. We thank her sincerely.

For Mrs. Lyeth we feel the deepest gratitude and appreciate the interest she has taken in all of us. Next year we hope that Hobart will win the banner and that the Hobart High School will retain its reputation for courtesy.

As Miss Sweeting did not wish to write an article on the "Class Song" composed by Miss Gladys Mackey and herself, the task has fallen to another member of the Senior class. I shall not be afraid of praising it too highly as we of the Class of '08 feel that it deserves all the praise that can be heaped upon it. Miss Mackey wrote the words for the song and in this she showed her ability as a poet. The meter is pleasing, the verse out of the ordinary, and the words express the sentiment of the class. Miss Sweeting composed the music and we realize that all the compliments she has received for her melodies in

the musical theory class were deserved by her. The music of our song shows her conscientious effort and we put the harmonized melody in the Aurora, knowing it will be preserved many years.



CLASS SONG

GLADYS MACKEY.

Farewell to Hobart High School
Which we all hold so dear,
We've studied here together
And work has brought good cheer:
Our text books now are put aside
For lessons learned must be applied.

Farewell to helpful teachers
Who've shared our joys and fears;
We'll ever love the memory
Of four bright High School years;
Though o'er the world we wander far,
We'll follow still the guiding star.

Today we hail the Springtime,
We hail Commencement day
We joy in the future's promise
And hopefully enter the fray.
We cheer the High School, dear old Home,
Alumni cheer, and class to come.

The **FARMER'S PLACE IN HISTORY**

EMILY BRACKEN.



IN THE centuries that have passed since the first settlement of America thousands of noble men have given their lives in the struggle for liberty.

Chief among these are the poor, simple, laboring class who struggled for the good of their country and its people, and now the United States is recognized for its beauty, industry, strength and prosperity above all other lands.

This great country was saved in the Revolution, by the humble tillers of the soil. One of the prominent figures in this struggle was George Washington. Was he a wealthy nobleman, or was he highly educated? No, perhaps not so much as you. He was raised in the backwoods, his education was his own, but he had the ability, the strong will, to become known in his country. The outcome of these characteristics you all know.

Another of his type was Abraham Lincoln, a poor, ignorant farmer's son. He worked and pushed his way to the highest and noblest place, not only in our country, but in the whole world. "Honesty," was his motto and he carried it throughout the long way of his eventful life. In our war when Lincoln called for volunteers, who responded? Did the city aristocrats or the wealthy planters go to fight for their country? No, the poor, honest, laboring country men gave up their homes and families, only to go to the struggle for their country's sake. While the women and the children, too small to carry a gun, toiled and strived to provide food for the soldiers, to knit and weave clothing for the sufferers.

Let us turn to the humbler though no less noble walks of life. Henry David Thoreau lived in the forest, on the banks of Walden Lake, tilled a small patch for his food, his only purpose being to be near Nature, so he might portray the real facts to others by means of his books. He did his best to get the full benefits of the sun and wind. He, as well as any other farmer would tell you that life is brighter and clearer and more joyous near the real work of God.

A living naturalist of America is John Burroughs. He held several government positions, but could not endure being away from Nature, so withdrew and betook himself to his New York farm, where he had spent his boyhood

days and received his training. Here he came in such close contact with Nature that he can converse with animals and read the life history of grass and flowers. And now many people of the cities obtain a great deal of their knowledge of the undomesticated plants and animals by means of his writings.

In Santa Rosa, California, lives another man who is spending his life working with vegetation. This is the famous Luther Burbank. There have been many days, while trying to carry out his life-work, that he has been near starvation in a land of plenty, but he has risen by sheer force of noble ideas above all temporal want. And now his work will live as the richest gift to civilization in a thousand years. His marvelous achievements have taken years of patient, painstaking, persistent labor. Such knowledge of Nature and such an ability to handle plant life would only be possible to one possessing genius of a high order. And yet, all these are farmers, tillers of the soil, and they will live in history as farmers.

Our noted writer, Ralph Waldo Emerson, pays tribute to the nobility of the farmer in his "Concord Hymn," when he says:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

And that shot was the moving principle proclaiming "Liberty."

Then why should society look down on the humble farmer? Where would our food come from if the farmer should quit work? Not any of us would have meat, bread, nor clothing; the staff of life would be broken. What is there on the market as food and clothing that was not once in the hands of the farmer?

Why do the city folks scorn the farmer? He is better acquainted with the country than they are. He looks healthy, because he and Nature work together. If he does not wear the latest cut of clothing he provides the choicest delicacies for the table. Of all the criminals, where are they raised, on the farm or on the city streets? The dirty little street waifs are far more apt to become law-breakers than the little tanned, barefoot country boys. The influences inviting city children to lives of crime are in remarkable contrast to the ennobling surroundings of the country children. We should look upon the farmer with feelings of admiration and a desire to encourage him, for he is the bread-winner of our nation and the very foundation of our civilization.

Many of our greatest men in literature and politics came from the farm—William Cullen Bryant, the first American poet; Washington Irving, "The

Father of American Letters": Nathaniel Hawthorne; George Washington; Abraham Lincoln, "The Great Emancipator," and Theodore Roosevelt, the master mind of the present age. All these spent most of their youth amid rural scenes enjoying Nature.

Then, as we survey the past, observe the present and look into the future we see the city alleys are the criminal breeders and the sterling men in the city must be continually supplied from the country, and thus the country is the up-lifter and supporter of the nation. This was true in the past, is true in modern days and will be true in days to come.



ATHLETICS

WILLIAM MARQUARDT.



WITHIN the last few years there has been a marked change in the field of athletics. This change, however, has not been so much in the amount of exercise taken by those pursuing athletic sports as in the growing tendency toward the organization of athletic clubs, and athletic associations and college and high school games.

During the season of athletic sports the subject of conversation is the chances of the home High School team in the next basket ball or athletic meet, the characteristics of some hammer thrower or right guard, and other things connected with the sports.

The schools of to-day are in every respect far in advance of the schools thirty or thirty-five years ago, and the present condition can, in no greater degree, be ascribed to any other source than to athletic sports. To be sure the desire to defeat a rival in a contest is not the highest motive of the human mind; the honor of winning a medal in a race is not the greatest honor which earth can afford, the glory of being champion in any branch of athletics seems childish to serious minded people. Competitions, prizes, medals, honors, appeal to students and hold them to efforts which higher and worthier objects fail to call forth. By these they are educated to habits which fit them to receive higher motives. Recognizing these facts the faculty of Hobart High School have done everything in their power to encourage the students toward athletics.

We first began winning recognition in the field meets five years ago. Since then we have been steadily advancing. Many of the boys in our school hold medals for the broad jump, pole vault, hammer throw, discus, shot put and the races. Many, since leaving the high school, have entered college and won recognition there. Charles Jahnke, attending college at Purdue, still holds his own in the shot put, and Oliver Bullock ought also to be mentioned in the half mile.

Earle Kholer, '09, is considered our best in the mile run and Ralph Wood and Wallace Watson in the shorter distances. Ray Halsted won honors in the broad jump and Eric Carlson made several records in the hammer throw.

Our girls can hold their own in basket ball and really excel the boys along that line.

Special mention ought to be made of the Iroquois Athletic Club, which was organized this year for the purpose of pushing athletics. We can not say, however, that this proved a success, for it was broken up in a short time.

A foot-ball eleven was organized in September and Edward Paine was elected captain. The boys purchased their suits and began in earnest to practice. But when they attempted to get a game scheduled with them, fate seemed to be against them and something intervened each time. It is thought by some that the students of other schools were seared out by the thoughts of attempting to be victorious when playing against Hobart.

Each person mentioned above is an example of good health, developed and sustained by athletic sports. Then let us not harbor the idea that any form of athletic sports interferes in any way with the development of the young man; but rather let us encourage athletic sports in the direction they are now taking, that may in a still greater degree intensify the present effect by bringing greater good to the pursuers of these sports, as well as to those who are not so directly interested.



PENITENTS of *the* PLAINS

GLADYS MACKEY.



YOUNG John Harrow had come West to gain strength after a long, hard attack of fever. He came to get that strength which nothing but wild plains, pure air, a Mexican pony and refreshing sleep in the open air can bring.

At first there was little charm for the convalescent in riding over the barren, brown plains, which stretched so desolately in all directions, with no barrier save the faint outline of lofty mountains far in the west. One day his attention was arrested by a speck of color off towards the horizon, a bit of red. It gradually grew larger, the object came closer and closer. Finally Harrow beheld the most beautiful of Spanish girls, riding an Egypt-black pony. He felt he must speak with the beauty, but how? Judging from her intellectual forehead, fine eyes and general poise he knew her to be the best of her race.

He rode near the maiden and said, "Senorita, may I inquire the way? You are familiar with the plains, are you not? Will you kindly show me the way to the Z Bar Z ranch?"

The girl showed no astonishment at this request from a stranger, but cheerfully explained the various paths which finally lead to the ranch. "Senor, I will ride with you until we round yonder point, when you can find your way with little trouble."

This was more than Harrow had hoped for and he silently thanked his old tutor for teaching him to speak good Spanish. The girl talked of prairie life, its possibilities and of her life in the East at boarding school.

At parting she said, "My name is Helena Alejandro (Helen Alexander). You will doubtless hear of my father if you stay here long. It is our western way to speak to strangers and to be what you easterners would term a little blunt. I wish you good fortune, senor, adios."

Harrow watched her ride away, graceful, beautiful: a gem with the wild prairie for a setting.

Many days thereafter John rode in the same direction and often met the pretty Spanish girl. Sometimes they rode together, sometimes only spoke and went their ways. Harrow learned she was the daughter of a cruel millionaire sugar king, who did not intend his daughter should marry a despised Americano.

One day, when these two met on the prairie, the girl was very sad. She explained that on the morrow, with many of her people, she would ride horseback to a little church situated in a barren portion of the plains of New Mexico, where they would do penance to their wrathful God.

"Oh, it is hard for me to go since I have learned a religion different from that of my father's. Tomorrow, at daybreak, we shall start in a body, to the church a distance of fifty miles. No food will be eaten all day and by nightfall we will reach the little church standing on a small hill. Great massive crosses will then be bound to our backs with cords, which will sink deeply into the flesh. All night we will march up the hill to the church, then down, all the while beating and scourging our bodies. If one of the penitents drops back from exhaustion the disciplinas will beat him on with a cruel whip. At daybreak the horrible scene will end and then will begin the weary ride home. It breaks my heart to think my people know not of the God of love instead of hate, but were I to murmur against their belief they would murder me without mercy. Farewell, dear friend, I shall not see you for many days, for after tomorrow's trip my arms will be a purple, gory mass and I shall not be able to hold the reins of my pony's bridle."

As Harrow rode home he thought over this horrible tale. Terrible that such things should take place in civilized America! He must do something to save the girl, but what? All night he tried to devise some scheme, but every plan was faulty. At early dawn he saddled his pony and resolved to ride as close to the company who were going to do penance as he could without attracting notice. Perhaps by some means he could help Helena. The girl's relatives knew nothing of him, so what if a dark figure were seen riding in the distance?

All morning they rode in the scorching sun. Helena began to feel the need of food and water, yet the people moved on and so must she. She allowed her pony to fall behind the others, everything grew black before her and she fell from the saddle. Those whom she was with thought God to be angry with her, took this for an evil omen, so did not stop to lift her up or minister to her needs.

Harrow, who was intent on the figure in red, saw her fall and saw her pony stop by her side. He dared not go to her until the penitents were well ahead. When John could, he rode swiftly to the girl, carried her to a nearby arroya and bathed her forehead in cool water. Helena soon felt better and, after eating some lunch which John had brought, she was her bright self again.

"Now," said Harrow, "I have a beautiful plan, if you will consent. Not far from here there is a little town in which an old college chum of mine, a

minister, lives. Let us go see this minister, then take the train to the far East, which you so dearly love. I have adored you since that first day on the plains. What is your answer little maid?" Helena said not a word, but let Harrow kiss her red, red lips and lift her into the saddle.

Adios, adios, dear brown, bleak plains.



SOCIAL



THE first event of the season in the way of entertainment furnished by the pupils of the High School was a box social, given by the members of the Girls' Basket Ball Team. The social was held in the basket ball hall and was largely attended. It was given principally to usher in the basket ball season, and incidentally to add money to the funds for carrying on athletics. In this the girls were not disappointed for the social proved a great success and all were satisfied with the proceeds. A great deal of fun was furnished, besides a program given by the members of the High School. It was exceedingly strange how certain boys managed to get the right girl's lunch box, but we suppose if we knew the inside proceedings that all would be explained.

The faculty were very kind to us this year. On February 14th they gave a valentine party for the High School in the Odd Fellows Hall. The boys were inclined to be "SHY" at first, but by tact the faculty immediately set all at ease and the fun began. One special event of the evening was the leap year proposing by the girls. They didn't act at all bashful. It must be that they had practiced up before hand. The boys had the unexpected pleasure of "turning the girls down," as we noticed afterwards that most of the girls were carrying around mittens. "Chilly atmosphere?" "Yes!!" Hearts were, of course, the main feature of the evening's entertainment and large red hearts were carried away, by the participants of the evening's pleasure, upon which were written sentiments fitting the occasion. Perhaps you think Cupid was busy among so many!!! It is believed that few went away heart whole.

A surprise party was given for Miss Bessie Banks, by the members of the Sophomore class, in special honor for Miss Bessie winning the first medal at the Local Contest, March 27th. The other members of the school were not there to enjoy the fun, but the sophies reported a good time.

The Junior reception was one long to be remembered by the Seniors and Juniors. One of the Senior girls was heard to remark, "Those Juniors certainly did themselves proud." There were thirty-five present, including the faculty, the trustee and his wife, the Seniors and Juniors. There were several guessing contests, in one of which Julia Peterson, '08, won a sheet of popular music. A delicious luncheon was served, at which all Seniors, faculty and guests were requested to read. The house was decorated with flowers and the colors of the Seniors, the color scheme being carried out in the smallest details.

In Honor of the Occasion.

The Juniors gave a party,
On the fifteenth of May,
The welcomes were most hearty,
And all the Seniors gay.

At half-past eight they gathered,
And to Mackey's house they went,
At nine a horse, all lathered,
Brought Bill, who was nearly spent.

The lunch was served at nine-thirty
And they pronounced it grand,
But when it came to the last
They laughed to beat the band.

At each plate was a favor
And on every one a label,
But Bill's got mixed with Gladys's
And she proposed at the table.

About twelve-thirty some music began
And they all stopped to hear—
The sweet strains of "Home Sweet Home"
Broke on the listening ear.

Thus broke up the party
And homeward they wended their way,
But Tom who's a jolly good fellow,
Was feeling exceedingly gay.

Last year, about this time,
Tom took a lovely walk
Out to the suburbs of town,
He was seen to stalk.

In fact he liked it so well
He took that walk once more
And out by the Lilac bushes
He was seen by two girls from the door.

It was voted by the class of '08 to give the Juniors a picnic on Bale's Island, Tuesday, May 26th, and we hope to repay them in part for the enjoyable time we had at the Junior reception.

IMPORTANT DATES OF THE YEAR.

- September 9.—School opened.
September 13.—Grapes cost money, boys.
September 23.—William had his seat changed.
October 15.—Asa had a hair cut.
October 25.—Lost: Several pages of geometry. A. Bullock.
October 31.—School bell out of order. Why?
November 5.—William had a shave.
November 14.—Julia F. was rejected by Ralph.
November 26.—“An Old Sweetheart of Mine.”
December 3.—Latest invention—Lung tester.
December 16.—First Oration against the Cicero class.
December 20.—Christmas program.
January 7.—Senior reception (?) at Mr. Barts’.
January 23.—Edward held Helen’s coat for her.
February 4.—Senior was found storing up his money to buy a valentine
for his lady love.
February 14.—Valentine party given by the Faculty.
February 17.—Lost: Several hearts at the valentine party.
February 25.—Miss Hazel assumes the dignity of school marm.
March 27.—Preliminary oratorical contest.
March 30.—Ralph has a black eye.
April 1.—Several got stung.
April 10.—Oratorical contest.
April 30.—Ray and Edna are progressing fine with their mental telepathy.
May 11.—Bright Freshie forgot to eat his dinner.
May 12.—Tom M. gave Gertrude S. a violet with it’s message.
May 15.—Junior reception.
May 28.—Class day.
May 29.—Commencement day.
May 31.—Also an important engagement of two Seniors.

CLASS PROPHECY

JULIA FLECK.



EARLY one afternoon, of a bright winter day, when all was hushed with a peaceful quietness, I sat before the fire-place at my home, meditating on the past. As I gazed into the glowing coals my thoughts reverted to my class of 1908 and all my classmates who have been very dear to me, gradually returned, not as in days of yore, but covered with glory and honor.

Suddenly King Alphonso's palace loomed in view, approaching I heard such melodious strains of music that I asked if I might be allowed to enter the conservatory. On entering, behold! I saw Florence Banks seated before the piano, her fingers lightly and rapidly passing over the ivory keys, beside her was King Alphonso, so enraptured in the harmonious strains that he took no notice of me as I entered. I remained for an hour and then stole out and from one of the King's attendants I learned that Miss Banks was engaged to entertain him during his leisure hours.

As the music died away all this vanished and I found myself in a court house crowded to its utmost capacity. As the case was being pleaded I heard a familiar voice say, "Is it permissible?" "Can you prove it?" To my surprise I saw that Thomas Michelsen was the presiding lawyer for the defendant. He told me his fame as a lawyer was rapidly rising and his services were in great demand.

Then this scene disappeared and I seemed to be wandering through the wilderness of the Philippines. To my great surprise I met Julia Peterson and when I asked her what called her into that half-civilized country she told me she was doing missionary work among the natives of the island. She was so enthusiastic over her work that in her conversation her language assumed the scriptural form. She then went her way as a Christian should and I went mine until I came to Paris.

A grand art gallery appeared. In bold letters over the door I read, "The Louvre." With great precaution I entered, gazing upon the thousands of magnificent paintings. I stood for a few moments as if petrified. I walked for hours through the long halls and longed to stay there forever. Just as I was about to leave I discovered Edna Carpenter, brush and palette in hand, seated

before one of Raphael's famous paintings.' After speaking a few words with her I left the gallery and was soon on my way to England in an airship.

Before leaving Paris I had bought a paper and when I was alone up in the clouds I read on the front page in heavy type, "Prince Henry Weds an American Girl, Formerly Miss Alice Struebing, of Indiana. The Prince and his fair bride are touring Europe on their honeymoon, but are expected back to the United States in about a month." I felt joyous on knowing that a member of the '08 class was so fortunate, and hoped it would not prove disastrous as most alliances with young noblemen do.

As I turned to read more a gush of wind tore the paper from my hand and, on looking down from the airship, I saw I was in England, so I descended and walked down the street until I came to the Oxford College. I entered and, as the Latin Class was just passing to the recitation room, I went to hear them. Among the Latin students there was one especially bright young man whom I knew. I noticed several gold medals on his coat which he had won through competition in Latin composition. This young man was Ralph Wood, of Center Street.

This scene then instantly changed and I was in the White House anxiously waiting to see President Bryan. I was ushered to his office, where I found him dictating to his private stenographer. He talked so rapidly I could not understand what he was saying, but Nettie Kraft could, for she recorded every word in short hand and apparently with ease.

From here my mind swiftly flew to Greece, where I talked with Lillian Rossow. Being rather fanciful, she had taken to writing poetical sketches and had just completed her masterpiece, a world wide known poem, entitled, "The Love That Failed." All her poems were of this nature as her subjects had to exist in real life before she attempted to put her thoughts on paper.

In an instant she vanished and I saw coming toward me a young lady carrying a medicine case. As she drew near I recognized her to be Gladys Mackey. I wanted to speak to her, but she was in a dreadful hurry, as she had a serious case that she had to attend to as quickly as possible.

These surroundings quickly disappeared and I found myself in the Colonial Theatre, where the "Merry Widow" was being played. As the Merry Widow appear on the stage I saw she was Hazel Lewis, of Lake Station, Indiana. She had become the world's famous actress and the ease and grace in which she performed her part was marvelous. Ere I could praise her further my mind had gone from there.

I was over at Northwestern University in the Domestic Science Department. There I beheld another of my classmates instructing a large class of anxious girls who wished to put their knowledge into practice no doubt. The class had just finished making a very toothsome dainty of which I am very

fond and in fancy I was invited to sample it by my old friend Viola M. Wall, who was the worthy instructress I mentioned before.

As I turned lazily in my chair I began to hum snatches of "Honey Boy," which brought to my mind another of my classmates. This song was one of Gertrudes' favorites at High School, but she had risen above that now. Anyone reading a list of America's great singers would find that Miss Sweeting is very much in demand as a contralto soloist. Have you ever heard her? If you have you will agree with me and all music lovers that her marked success is due to her merit.

Again a change came over the spirit of my thoughts and I was hurrying to the bedside of a very dear friend. At one time she was on the verge of death, but being put under the care of the faithful nurse, Martha Heek, she was rapidly recovering. Martha was the same sweet girl that she used to be at High School, but looked sweeter still in her nurse's costume.

A knock at the door brought me to myself and I was sorry in a way for I am sure if I had been left undisturbed a few moments longer I would have found a place for him, the one remaining member of my High School Class. The knock at the door was repeated so I hastened to open the door and Mr. Thompson entered. We talked on various subjects then he told me he had just come from Crown Point. He said he saw one of the "naughty eight" there very much interested in the construction of the court house and wondering if it would ever be finished. I guessed William Marquardt and he said "good" and you will know why William was interested if you can guess who was with him.



PERSONALS

In one of our Senior's books we find the following:

"Of all sad words of pen or tongue
The saddest of these—the word that stung."

Miss Q. (in algebra class).—"Where is Arthur Kilker this afternoon?"
Bright Freshie—"He isn't here."

Mr. Barts (in commercial geography).—"Miss Papka, what are the principal products of Canada?"

Miss Papka—"Why, they raise more cheese than anything else."

First oration against the Cicero class was delivered after the intermediate examinations.

One of the teachers was heard saying to one of the classes: "Beware, boys and girls, don't marry a 'bluffer.'"

A member of the Physics class has learned recently that frozen apples are the same as baked. Do you agree with this?

We notice that one of the Junior boys is particularly fond of cough medicine. He was found drinking red ink one day, thinking it was the desired drug. The students are complaining because their red ink has disappeared. Only one full bottle can be found in the High School.

Miss Sweeting (after a lengthy discussion on the Queen of Denmark ended by saying).—"And her name was Maud."

One of the boys of the Ancient History class was found dreaming one day when Mr. Barts spoke to him. Now all the girls are wondering who the heroine of his dreams was.

Arthur Kilker, "Beauty Specialist," Hours 12:20 to 12:50. The first to enter his parlors was a Junior who returned to the high school room "The sadder, but the wiser maid." A few more lessons, Arthur, in charcoal and water-coloring and a good deal of practice is all that is necessary for your success.

Mrs. L.—"Ralph, who was Mendelssohn's best friend?"

R. W.—"Shakespeare."

Mrs. L.—"Yes, Goethe, that's right."

The bookkeeping class has now received several thousand dollars in silver and gold. In order to have the money in safe keeping new locks have been put on the laboratory doors.

Really the Physics class would not know what to do without William. A hydraulic press (capacity one ton) is his latest. What's the use of the high school buying laboratory apparatus as long as he is here?

Mr. Thompson, to Alice in history—"How did Voltaire win recognition?"
Alice—"He won recognition by being recognized."

Heard in Commercial Geography—"Cast iron is pig iron cast."

Rescued from the bottom of the waste basket—the Junior colors. They were out of sight, but they could be plainly heard.

Where does Mr. D. Melin live?

I think it is near Lillian.

Oh, no, not yet.

Strange, isn't it, that one girl in the Senior class attended church so regular and now wears a diamond ring. Can it be possible that the minister was the attraction!!!!

One of our charming Seniors will soon retire from work, as she expects to get possession of a gold mine. The only regrettable feature is that the substance had to be driven in instead of being dug out.

Mr. Barts (in commercial geography)—"Earle, give the surface structure."

Earle—"Of who?"

Mr. Barts—"Of the Balkan states."

I'll never tell what I saw one noon (by a Senior).

One of the Senior boys was sporting some girl's ring, as the Sophies always follow the example of the HIGH and MIGHTY SENIORS, John F. is also doing the same.

Mr. Barts (in commercial geography)—"Please discuss the climate of Cuba."

One of the Senior boys jumped up and said, "The summers are cold and the winters are hot."

One of the Junior boys had a narrow escape. He was laughing and accidentally swallowed **one** of his false teeth. (He still survives.)

One of the mighty Seniors came to school one morning with a somewhat

bruised eye. We wondered if it was the indentation of some robust lassie or the effect of sports at the club room.

Rumors are afloat that the worst is yet to come.

We hope that the members of the botany class will not persist in eating their specimens in the future.

Tom M.—“I didn't know you liked girlish names.”

Julia F.—“I think **Julia** just suits my age, but what will people call me 45 or 50 years from now?”

Tom M.—“Why, Miss Fleek, of course.” And he never knew why the mercury took such a sudden drop.

Mr. Barts (in physics)—“How many reflections of this chalk can you see in the mirror, Gladys?”

Gladys M.—“I can only see myself.”



Favorite Expressions of the Seniors.

Edna C.—Oh, joy.

Gertrude S.—Bless his heart.

Hazel L.—Stung.

Nettie K.—I don't know.

Viola W.—He's mine, all mine.

Flora Banks—I can't get it.

Tom M.—Oh, slush, got your rubbers on?

Lillian R.—Really, how sweet.

Martha H.—I don't care.

Gladys M.—Oh, how lovely.

Ralph W.—Where's the lesson?

Julia F.—Honest, sure enough.

Julia P.—Did you see him?

Will M.—Aw—go on (drawled).

SOCIETY'S CRIMINAL

BESSIE BANKS.



IN THE year 1775, in the town of La Brie, France, a child was born. Seventy years later, in a cemetery of Pere la Chaise, an open grave received the remains of that child grown to manhood. Between those events a human soul had risen. Divine wisdom was inspiring the motive, but human justice arresting the action; divine mercy pointing the conscience to the ray of hope, but human authority pointing the man to the fear of the galleys. In those years society decreed shipwreck for a human soul and made a criminal of Jean Valjean.

The world has ever loved a hero. His name is a note of song; his work, a poet's theme. Not the heroism that flourished with knighthood, for dead to-day is the love for Napoleon of a hundred battlefields and forgotten the Achilles of javelin fame. Virtue with them was a battle term; with the hero to-day it is peace. The world's idol has changed. Where force and violence once garlanded the victor, duty now crowns the man. Such a hero was Jean Valjean; branded a criminal by society, yet a nobleman at heart; born in penury, nursed by poverty, a galley slave in manhood, an emancipator in death.

Valjean was left an orphan in his early years, and was raised by a widowed sister, who had seven children of her own for whom she must care. The only song that filled his ear, the cry of hunger; the only visitor at the door, the landlord for his rent. The sight of those seven hungry mouths haunted his steps, moaned in his dreams and cried in his wakeful moments. Employment could not be had and winter, grim and cruel, approached.

There are times when human wrong and moral right seem to meet, when crime becomes mercy. Such an hour had come to Jean Valjean. The cry of hunger smote his ear. Out into the dark, cold street he hurried. Work he could not get, money he had not. Nature has provided the food, but society controlled the medium of exchange. Near at hand was a restaurant, within which stood mountains of bread. Breaking the window with his fist, he seized a loaf and turned toward home. The day was east. The hand of civic justice was upon him. The crime was confessed, the hungry children pleaded for, but, in the breast of civic magistrates, there was no thought for the starving child, no mercy for the criminal. And so Jean Valjean trudged away to the

galleys. The thuds of the hammer, riveting the iron collar about his neck, were death knells in his ear. But crime was being punished, human justice was being meted out.

From the very beginning of society, the individual has been the object of misapplied justice which, too often blindly ignorant, aims at an evil but crushes a man. Because of this ignorance in the social world, men of vice occupy high seats of honor, villains become statesmen, while heroes ebb their lives away in chains. The cry of reform resounds from pulpit, platform and bar. The church cries loud against social evils, the state tightens its grip on civic grievances, while sounds the united cry, "Punish the criminal."

Is the ultimate aim of law the punishment of crime? May not law, in the light of moral truth and moral justice, become equally as criminal in the punishment meted as the culprit in the crime committed? May not punishment, instead of correcting a wrong, create a greater? Law stands for protection, but out of that law and from the lips of that bench come penalties that produce not a reformed convict, but a more confirmed criminal.

Equal in guilt before the law stand the bank robber and the bread robber. The defaulting cashier of a savings bank brings misery to a thousand homes, and with the spoils of his crime defies the law, while he who takes to feed starving children suffers years in a convict's cell. Turned out of prison he is confronted with the wrathful face of society. Having once entered the field of crime, society bars the gate and retreat is in vain. What remains but crime and again the cell? If justice and right is to be the spirit of rule and government, if social equality and humane teaching is to be the doctrine of Christendom, society must read more into the motive and environment of the criminal and less into the circumstances of the crime.

The heavy iron doors swing shut on Jean Valjean. The light of a living world shut out, the darkness of a prison cell shut in. For stealing a loaf to feed starving children a man is declared a criminal by law, society and the church. From this ghastly tragedy there cries a voice, "Is this justice?" Deny not the theft, defend not the crime, but plead more equity for the criminal!

Man is an evolution. He is the climax of ages of ancestral truth and purity, or he is the offspring of degradation and vice. Science has made clear the fact that crime is less the culmination of a base desire, less the product of volition, than the evolution of a defective intellect, or the product of a degenerating ancestry. This great truth, then, should be considered and conviction of criminality should not be the result of evidence only, but of a medical examination.

The justice of society is impeached, too, by the tolerance of institutions whose very existence is the gateway to crime. The gambling dens are broad-

ing places for misery, poverty and suffering; they rob the children of bread and clothing and reduce whole families to beggary. And the saloons feed the penitentiaries with victims and make necessary the expensive machinery of law. These conditions constantly menace the welfare of nations and demand remedy.

The possibility of offense must be lessened, temptation must be removed, the saloons and the gambling dens must be repressed and corruption must be driven from high places. Legal judgment should indict the crime, but not the criminal. Let the slave to crime see more than the terrors of law and the wrathful face of society. "What is the grandest thing in the world? The midst of the ocean in a cloudless night. And what is grander than that? The starry heavens. What is grander than the starry heavens? The soul of man." It is ever to lift upward the soul of man that all the world's saints, statesmen and heroes have prayed, thought and perished. For human upliftment, then, not debasement, let the great halls of justice exist. That men and women shall be better, nobler every day; that happiness shall be greater; that our country and the world shall become a lovelier place to live in; that righteousness shall prevail, is, after all, the purpose of all law, of all government.

The spirit of humanity is not dead. The inspirations of Hugo still throb in the pulse of man. Jean Valjean, though buried, lives a towering warning to false society. That warning will stand until men, realizing the great triumph of right, shall show justice on earth. That warning will stand until the pulse of society shall throb in harmony with "The precious life-blood of a master spirit," whose "name and glory cling to all high places like a golden crown forever!"



CLASS WILL

EDNA CARPENTER.



E. THE class of 1908, being of sound mind, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament. We do hereby grant, bequeath, devise, give away and thrust upon the class of 1909 the following property, to-wit:

First.—That most august and honorable body, the faculty, composed of a gentle, but decided, superintendent: a principal, light haired, but not light headed, whose favorite quotation is:

“Costly the habit as thy purse can buy
But not expressed in fancy, rich not gaudy
For the apparel oft proclaims a man”;

a teacher of languages, who believes that a soft voice is ever becoming in women; a mathematics teacher, of whom we would say, “Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made for kissing”; lastly and happily, a music instructor, who says, “Alas for him who never sings, but dies with all his music in him.” And we do hereby demand that thou, the class of 1909, shalt follow in the footsteps of these, thy teachers, to and from the office.

Second.—We do bequeath unto the class of 1909 the dignified position of seniors, together with the right to a class day and the right to administer the responsible task of setting an example to all freshmen who may stray to the H. T. H. S.

Third.—The pencil machines that sharpen the teacher’s wit as well as our pencils.

Fourth.—The piano, which you can hit hard, for it won’t hit back.

Fifth.—The windows, which you must close when too warm and open when too cold.

Sixth.—Pens and pencils bearing mouth prints of teeth of time.

Seventh.—Ink spots handed down by previous generations.

Eighth.—The old clock upon the wall, that ticks out the weary hours, which never travel fast enough.

Ninth.—Pictures upon which you must keep smiling and gaze steadfastly.

Tenth.—Cloak room, where every hook is hallowed and brings back fond memories of some budding romance.

Eleventh.—The teacher's throne of dignity, upon which you must gaze with a mighty awe.

Twelfth.—We do hereby leave you the following instructions:

Boys must let every girl put on her own coat.

You must not whisper or smile at your neighbors.

You must learn your lesson in Musieal History every Monday evening.

You must not linger in the halls and gossip.

Sing when it is time to sing and no other time.

Lastly, we do herein and hereby wisely nominate and appoint the faeulty of the H. T. H. S. as the exeutors and administrators of this, our last will and testament, and hereby revoke all other wills by us made, in witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal this 28th day of May, A. D. 1908.











